



*London. Pub. by W.<sup>m</sup> Holland, at Garrick's Richard N. 50. Oxford Street. November 10. 1788*

*MR. JORDAN as SIR HARRY WILDAIR.*

In Holland's Caricature Exhibition Rooms may be seen the largest collection of humorous Prints & Drawings in Europe.

Admittance one Shilling.



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J O R D A N's  
ELIXIR OF LIFE,  
A N D

Cure for the Spleen;

O R,  
A COLLECTION OF ALL THE SONGS

SUNG BY

MRS. J O R D A N,  
Since her first Appearance in London.

With many other Favourite Songs,

Sung by her in

*The Theatres of Dublin, York, Edinburgh, and Chel-  
tenham, and a number of Duets, Trios, Glees,  
&c. that she has a part in.*

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

Authentic Memoirs of Mrs. *Jordan*,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Embellished with a superb Engraving of Mrs.  
JORDAN, in *Sir Harry Wildair*.

---

O thou Goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'it  
In this enchanting Woman!

SHAKESPEARE.

---

L O N D O N:

Published by WILLIAM HOLLAND, at *Garrick's*  
*Richard*, No. 50, *Oxford-Street*, 1789.

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*The Festival of Anacreon*, containing the whole of the Songs of Captain  
*Morris*, and other celebrated *Bon Vivants*, in two parts, price 7s.

J. O. R. D. A. N.'s

ELIXIR OF LIFE

Cure for the Spleen

A COLLECTION OF THE SONGS

Mrs. J. O. R. D. A. N.

Since her first appearance in London

With one voice she has sung

The following songs, which have been  
repeatedly sung by her in  
the most successful manner

Authentic Reports of this

new work published

in London, and in the most  
successful manner

Of this work  
The following is a list of the  
songs which have been  
sung by her in the most  
successful manner

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# AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS

O F

Mrs. *JORDAN.*

---

**T**HE generous solicitude always shewn by the Public, to even the most trifling particulars related of celebrated characters, is equally natural as universal. For this curiosity not only proceeds from a love and affection for those by whom we have been instructed and entertained, but it is also of much importance to posterity, as it leads us to emulate the virtues of those which it admires, and induces it to avoid those abstracted imperfections which sometimes cloud the fame, and often diminish the celebrity due to eminence.

When we mention the name of Mrs. JORDAN, her unrivalled reputation will offer the best apology for presenting our readers with the following Memoirs; which we have selected with care and labour, and now distribute with truth and impartiality.

Mrs. JORDAN was born in the parish of St. Martin's, London, in the year 1764; Mr. BLAND,

B

her

her father, was a gentleman of small fortune and respectable connections, and was first cousin to General James Johnson, and Sir Francis Lumm. In consequence of a severe indisposition, Mr. Bland was ordered to the South of France, but having received little benefit from his excursion, he returned to Wales, where he soon sunk into the grave, leaving his widow, and three sons and two daughters, to deplore his death, and lament the loss of a property, which was materially injured by the heavy expences attending a long and tedious illness. If Mrs. *Jordan* enjoys any *hereditary* theatrical emanations of genius, they proceed from her mother, who, in early life, appeared on the Stage with some reputation, but was impelled to abandon her favourite pursuit, to give attention to her domestic concerns and the education of her family.

Mrs. Bland properly conceiving that industry was not only the spring to opulence, but the best security to her unprotected orphans, had our heroine, and her sister, accordingly instructed in the millinery business, which they afterwards followed in Dublin, to which city they removed the year after Mr. Bland's death, which happened in 1779. But those exquisite comic powers, which have so often charmed the Public, could not be restrained; she broke from the trammels of a dull and insipid profession, which was incompatible with her nature, and in the November of 1780, made her



her first appearance in *Lucy* in the *Virgin Unmasked*, in Crow-street Theatre, under the name of *Miss Francis*.

Her acceptance in this part was flattering even beyond the expectations of dramatic enthusiasm.—The next character she performed was *Sophia* in *The Lord of the Manor*, in which she acquired much addition to her fame, and from the *prophetic* remarks of the critics that beheld her, we must suppose, that at her onset she was more than an accomplished actress. In a short time after she was engaged to the present Manager of the Dublin theatre, under whom she played *Adelaide* in *The Count of Narbonne*, and several other characters with equal success. In such estimation was our *heroine* at this early period, and so much admired were her comic performances, that with the trifling song of “*Melton Oysters*,” she attracted a number of crowded houses.

Mrs. Jordan appeared now with such irresistible superiority above all her competitors, that, whether through policy, prudence, or jealousy, the Manager soon convinced her, that her unrivalled powers served only to rouse his persecution, and, that to be victorious, she must be humble, and do parts as repugnant to the bent of her genius, as it was contrary to his, to give that encouragement due to her inimitable talents\*.

Finding

\* The conduct of some Managers is strangely mysterious, particularly in the distribution of parts. Would not any one suppose

Finding herself thus ill treated, because she excelled, with a spirit incapable of crouching to the illiberal demands of her oppressor, and having encountered the numberless difficulties peculiar to an *Irish* engagement; she proceeded to YORK, where Mr. *Wilkinson*, the Manager, refused her an audience.

In this disagreeable dilemma was Mrs. Jordan with her mother and family, to whose comfort she ever more chearfully contributed than to her own; when by mere accident an explanation was obtained, which shewed that the unaccountable conduct of the York Manager, was in consequence of a letter he received from Ireland, from one of those base instruments of *Managerial* duplicity, which represented Mrs. Jordan as the worst of all wretched actresses. The intention of this pitiful expedient is obvious, but it had not the desired effect, for she at length made an engagement at the humble

suppose Mr. Kemble as insane as any mock monarch in Bedlam, when he suffered Baddeley to appear in Varland, during the late indisposition of Parsons? Even though the part was requested with tears, and the supplications of a man grown grey in the service of the Comic Muse, it would be no palliation. Mr. Kemble did certainly know there was a performer then in the Theatre, engaged as a substitute for Mr. Parsons, he not only knew that, but he knew him to be universally admired in Dublin and Edinburgh; a man as much followed and as much applauded by the Irish and Scotch as Edwin or Parsons here. Knowing this, surely it was the height of cruelty in the infancy of Moss's engagement, to sicken the public with croaking buffoonery, while the substitute of Parsons was capable of giving general satisfaction. But more of this hereafter.



humble salary of thirty shillings a week, at York, where, in twelve months after her engagement had expired, she returned and played at the liberal sum of *twenty guineas* per night !

Previous to Mrs. Jordan's first departure from York, it is highly creditable to the *Duke of Norfolk's* judgment, that at that time he confessed himself a fervent admirer of those transcendent abilities which so many have since witnessed and applauded. The first impression made on his Grace, appears to be in Mrs. Jordan's performance of *Miss Juniper*, in *Summer Amusement*. Her Song

“ *Let not age thy bloom ensnare,*”

captivated the audience, and enraptured his Grace. Mr. Smith, the Tragedian, was so struck with her merit, that he instantly engaged her at 3l. a week, to play second to Mrs. Siddons. The result of that engagement is so well known, as to render observation superfluous—further than that as Mrs. Siddons can neither boast the versatility of genius, or what is more material to the manager, *attraction* equal to Mrs. *Jordan*, there is no equitable proportion observed in respect to salary, where that of Mrs. *Siddons* for *one night* is TWENTY GUINEAS, while that of Mrs. *Jordan* for a fortnight exceeds it but by *one solitary pound*!!!

The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
And elegance and taste ; the faultless form  
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony——

are enjoyed in the fullest perfection by this incom-

parable woman; for in private as well as public life, she evinces the best claims on our praise, since to a sweetness of temper she unites a pliability and benevolence of disposition, that insures domestic tranquility, and yields comfort and happiness to her family.

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### Admirers of Humorous Prints

May now find entertainment for many hours in Holland's Caricature Exhibition Rooms, No. 50, Oxford-street, which have been considerably improved this Winter, by the addition of above a thousand scarce Caricatures, and other humorous Prints and Drawings. As this unique assemblage "holds the mirror up to nature, and shows the age and body of the time its form and pressure," and is the most general display of the kind in Europe, the Proprietor solicits the patronage of the Public in its favour.

N. B. Some defamatory characters, envious printfellers, and others, having insinuated to many of the female sex, that a number of the prints exhibited, were of that complexion that would suffuse the cheek of modesty with the blushes of aversion, the Proprietor assures the Female World, there is not a Print in the collection of an indelicate nature, but all of that description that may with propriety be blended with the chaste humour of Hogarth, Bunbury, Rowlandson, and Byron.

JORDAN'S

Admittance ONE SHILLING.



# JORDAN'S

## ELIXIR OF LIFE,

©c. ©c.

---

SUNG IN THE CONSTANT COUPLE,

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

**Y**E chearful virgins have ye seen  
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,  
To rose or jessamine bower?  
To rose or jessamine bower?  
Where does she seek the woodbine shade?  
For sure you know the blooming maid,  
Sweet as the May-born flower,  
Sweet as the May-born flower.

C

Her

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,  
Join'd with the lily as it grows,  
Where each in sweetness vie,  
Where each in sweetness vie;  
Like dew drops glitt'ring in the morn,  
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,  
Health sparkles in her eye,  
Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,  
That warbles chearful on the spray,  
To hail the vernal beam,  
To hail the vernal beam.  
Her heart is blither than her song;  
Her passions gently move along,  
Like the smooth gliding stream,  
Like the smooth gliding stream.

---

## SONGS IN THE ROMP.

PRISCILLA TOMBOY.

**Y**E maidens all, come listen to my ditty,  
And ponder well the words which I shall say;  
A damsel once there dwelt in London city,  
Whose tender heart a young man stole away.

Her



Her guardian cross, would fain have had her marry,  
 A grocer's prentice living in Cheapside :  
 But he with her his point could never carry ;  
 For sooner than consent, she would have died.  
 Ye maidens, by this damsel take example,  
 And never fickle nor false-hearted prove,  
 Nor let old folks on your affections trample :  
 For what's the world compared to one's true love ?

---

## S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**P**ERHAPS he may take it in dudgeon :  
 So let him—the peevish curmudgeon  
     'Egad, if you mind me,  
     As stout you shall find me,  
     As he is bluff.  
 The Captain has won my heart,  
 And who shall my humour thwart ?  
     I like him and love him;  
     And, since I approve him,  
     I'll have him, and that's enough.

I'm sick when I think of your brother !  
 And was there on earth ne'er another,  
     He should not my mind subdue ;  
 To wed him they may force me,  
 But then he'll soon divorce me,  
     For faith he shall sing cuckoo.  
 Perhaps he may, &c.

## QUINTETTA.

*Barnacle.* SIRRAH, leave the house this  
minute,

Or I'll fend to my Lord Mayor.

*Sightly.* Sir, I want not to stay in it ;  
Wherefore do you rave and stare ?

*Priscilla.* You may lock me up in prison,  
But I mind not that a straw ;

*T. Cockney.* Her'n the fault is more than his'n,

*Penelope.* Uncle, brother, pray withdraw.

*Barn.* To bring up a Romp's the devil ;

*Sight.* } Did you ever see the like ?  
*Prisc.* }

*Barn.* Captain, pray Sir, be so civil :

*T. Cockney.* Hold, Sir, hold, you must not strike.

*Barn.* Life and death, I'm out of patience,  
And I will at nothing flick :

So, niece, nephew, ward, relations,  
Gad, I'll play you all a trick.

*T. Cockney.* } Stick at nothing ! pray, Sir, tarry ;

*Pen.* } What is it you mean to do ?

*Barn.* 'Sblood, you dog, you flut, I'll marry ;

*Pen.* Marry !

*T. Cockney.* Marry !

*Prisc.* You Sir !

*Sight.* You !

*Barn.*



*Barn.* Yes, I'll take a wife and fling you,

Take a wife and get an heir ;

*All.*

} Heaven to your senses bring you :

} Ah, dear uncle ! have a care.

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**D**EAR me how I long to be married,  
And in my own coach to be carried ;

Beside me to see,

How charming 'twill be !

My husband and may be,

A sweet little baby,

As pretty as he.

Already I hear

Its tongue in my ear :

Papa, Papa !

Mama, Mama !

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ;

Oh, gracious ! what calling,

What stamping, what bawling,

When first I am missed by the clan !

Miss Molly will chatter,

Old square-toes will clatter,

But catch me again if they can.

Dear me, how I long, &c.

T R I O.

QUARTETTO.

FROM THE SAME.

PRISCILLA.

**G**ET you gone, you nasty thing, you,  
Do you think I care for you?

YOUNG COCKNEY.

I'll go and shortly bring you  
Those who shall make you dearly rue.  
And to you, Sir, I'll bring two, Sir.

SIGHTLY AND PRISCILLA,

Who, Sir, who Sir! Who?

YOUNG COCKNEY,

Never mind, no matter, who.

SIGHTLY.

If that here you longer tarry,  
You may chance away to carry,  
That you will not like to bear.

PRISCILLA.

You'll well be beaten.]

YOUNG COCKNEY.

What! You threaten!

PRISCILLA.



PRISCILLA.

Captain draw your sword and swear,

SIGHTLY.

'Sblood and thunder!

LA BLOND.

Keep asunder!

YOUNG COCKNEY.

Let him touch me if he dare.

PRISCILLA.

Master Watt—I'll tell you what,  
Home you had much better trot.

YOUNG COCKNEY.

Will you go with me or not?

PRISCILLA.

Trot, Watt, I will not.

Get you gone, you nasty thing, &c.

The

*The following Song Mrs. JORDAN sung repeatedly with universal applause in the York theatre. Indeed, when any thing displeased the Audience in that Theatre, the Manager used to prevail on this good-natured Actress to sing this or some other favourite Song, which never failed putting them in the highest good humour.*

\* THE CAMP MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, the morning grey,  
 The drum had beat a revelly  
 And jolly soldiers on the ground,  
 In peaceful camp slept safe and sound :  
 Only one poor soldier, who  
 Nought but love could e'er subdue,  
 Wander'd to a neighbouring grove,  
 There to vent his plaints of love.

For women are whimsical, changeable things,  
 Their sweets, like the bee's, are mingled with  
 stings,

They

\* This popular song was written by Major Labillier, at that time quartered in Limerick, Ireland, where he fell in love with Miss Biddy Brown, sister to Mountiford Brown, late Governor of West Florida. She was one of the most beautiful women the sun ever shone upon, and amiable in the highest degree. She married William Henn, Esq. of Paradise, in the county of Clare, and was distinguished many years after by the title of the Bird of Paradise.



They are not to be got without toil, care, and cost;  
 They're hard to be won, and are easily lost.  
 In seeking a fair one, I found, to my smart,  
 I know not the way, but lost my own heart.

Ah! hapless, hapless day,  
 That ever I saw fair Biddy;  
 My heart she stole away,  
 My head she turned quite giddy.  
 The world may laugh and stare,  
 'Tis truly strange to see,  
 A lover so sincere,  
 A swain admired like me!

She's graceful, tall, and slender,  
 She's brighter than the sun;  
 Her looks are soft and tender,  
 But oh! her heart's of stone:  
 Nor tears, nor sighs, can move her;  
 My bleeding heart she sees,  
 She knows too well I love her,  
 In vain I strive to please.

Too vainly once I thought  
 To gain the lovely charmer;  
 And every method fought,  
 In hopes to win and warm her;

D

But

But all my hopes are over !  
 What charms then can I try ;  
 But like a hapless lover,  
 I'll sit me down and die.

As on the ground he lay,  
 Minerva came that way,  
 In armour bright and gay,  
 And thus to him did say :

Rise, soldier, rise,  
 The drum has beat to arms,  
 Hark to her loud alarms !  
 Hang her beauty,  
 Mind your duty,  
 Think not of her charms,

Rise, soldier, rise ;  
 I'll take you by the hand,  
 And I'll lead you through the land,  
 I'll give you the command  
 Of a well chosen band.  
 Don't be stupid,  
 Drive away Cupid,  
 Follow Minerva's wise advice.

Soldier, go home, go home,  
 Nor mind your Mistress's scorn :  
 Slight, slight her again ;  
 For slighted vows should slight return.

The



The foldier thus rous'd from his amorous sloth,  
 Hastid away to his duty ;  
 Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,  
 He'd ne'er more think of her beauty.  
 Bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,  
 High for a heart that is rugged and tough.

He that is single can ne'er wear horns ;  
 He that is single is happy ;  
 He that is married lays upon thorns,  
 And always is ragged and shabby  
 Bachelor bluff, &c.

He that is single he fears not the rout,  
 Nothing to him can be sweeter ;  
 He has no wife that can whimper and pout,  
 Or cry, can you leave me, dear creature.  
 Bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff ;  
 High for a heart that is rugged and tough.

Ye belles and flirts so smart and fair,  
 Say, are not soldiers form'd for love ?  
 For you shall find them all sincere,  
 Would you but kind and constant prove :  
 But if you slight their passions still,  
 And tyrannise over their hearts so true,  
 Depend upon't they'll all rebel,  
 And will not care one fig for you.

Ah ! hold your foolish tongue  
 A little laughing Cupid said,  
 Have you not heard it sung,  
 That constancy will win a maid ?  
 And what on earth would ever prove  
 Superior to the joys of love !

Let wisdom preach in schools,  
 For what has she with love to do ;  
 We go not by such rules :  
 Unbounded pleasures we pursue ;  
 On rosy wine our fancies fly ;  
 We every worldly care defy,

Let Mars in council boast,  
 Of resolution, strength, and art ;  
 Love comes without a host,  
 And steals away the soldier's heart :  
 Love breaks the bow, the sword, and spear,  
 And turns the angry face of war.

E'en mighty Jove above  
 Hath been by Cupid's power o'ercome ;  
 There's none can conquer love,  
 Tho' arm'd with sword, and spear, or gun.  
 Then ground your arms, ye sons of war ;  
 None can resist the British fair.

SUNG



SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF THE  
PILGRIM.

*Said to be written by Mr. King, Comedian.*

**T**HIS hot pursuit,  
With threats to boot,  
Have little to alarm me,  
So war I wage,  
Defy his rage,  
And brave whate'er may harm me,

He still may swear,  
And stamp and stare,  
I'll neither fear nor falter,  
Whate'er may bind,  
'Gainst woman's mind,  
Will prove a rotten halter.

My mistress flown,  
I'll soon be gone :—  
Old Crusty swears he'll tame her ;  
For him she loves,  
Abroad she roves,  
In truth I cannot blame her.

In

In varied shapes,  
Thro' hair-breadth 'scapes,  
Each way he tries to win her ;  
She scorns restraint,  
And such a faint,  
Would make me e'en a finner.

Some trim disguise,  
No doubt she tries,  
I'll follow her example ;  
Of faith, of skill,  
And wit at will,  
I'll give them straight a sample,

So she and I  
Will fairly try,  
Whose trick or change can blind most ;  
And since old Don  
You chuse to run,  
The Devil take the hindmost,

---

## STRANGERS AT HOME,

ROSA.

**W**HEN first I began, Sir, to ogle the ladies,  
And prattle soft nothings as a pretty fel-  
low's trade is ;

While



While with rapturous praises, I dwelt on each  
 feature,  
 If I stole a sly kiss, 'twas fye, you wicked creature.  
 But soon in tones lower, and softer, and sweeter,  
 Half pleased they would whisper, fye, fye, you  
 wicked creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,  
 Each evening still conquests to conquests succeeded;  
 Perplex'd how so many fond claims I should  
 parry,  
 To settle all disputes, I resolved, faith, to marry;  
 Then press'd lovely Laura in language still sweeter,  
 Till blushing she whisper'd, I'm your's, you wicked  
 creature !

---

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**G**OOD Sir, in vain you bend your brow,  
 And look so queer I know not how;  
 And set your arms a-kimbo,  
 My laughter you provoke,  
 Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 So pleasant is the joke.

If

If, Sir, I chose to try my skill,  
 Of fencing soon you'd have your fill ;  
 But mighty Signor Whiskers,  
 With you I wont engage ;  
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !  
 A fig for all your rage.

Nay, prithee, friend, don't draw your sword,  
 I shan't draw mine, upon my word ;  
 Nor could I fight for laughing,  
 Were I to look at you ;  
 Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha !  
 And so, sweet Sir, adieu !

---

## VIRGIN UNMASKED.

LUCY.

**D**O you, Papa, but find a Coach,  
 And leave the other to me, Sir ;  
 For that will make the lover approach,  
 And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir.  
 No sparks will talk to girls that walk,  
 I've heard it, and I confide in't :  
 Do you then fix my coach and six,  
 I warrant I'll get one to ride in't, to ride in't,  
 I warrant, &c.

SONG.



S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**W**HEN he in a coach can be carried,  
 What need has a man to go?  
 That women for coaches are married,  
 I'm not such a child but I know.  
 But if the poor crippled elf,  
 In coach be not able to roam,  
 Why then I can go by myself,  
 And he may e'en stay at home.

---

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**A**H, be not angry, good dear Sir,  
 Nor do not tell Papa;  
 For though I can't abide you, Sir,  
 I'll marry you——O la!

E

DUETT.

D U E T T.

FROM THE SAME.

LUCY.

A H, Sir, I guess,  
You are a fibbing creature.

BLISTER.

Because, dear Miss,  
You know not human Nature.

LUCY.

Married men, I'll be sworn.  
I have seen without horns.

BLISTER.

Ah child ! you want art to unlock it :  
The secret here lies,  
Men now are so wise,  
They carry their horns in their pocket.

S O N G.



S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**O**H ! how charming my life will be,  
 When marriage has made me a fine lady,  
 In chariot, fix horses, and diamonds bright,  
 In Flanders lace and broidery cloths,  
 O how I'll flame it among the beaux !  
 In bed all the day, at cards all the night,  
 Oh how I'll revel the hours away !  
 Sing it, and dānce it, coquet it, and play ;  
 With feasting, toasting, roasting,  
 Rantum, scantum, flanting, jaunting,  
 Laughing at all the world can fay.

---

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**A**S I was a walking one morning in May,  
 I heard a young damfel to sigh and to fay,  
 My true love has left me, 'twas but yesterday  
 He took his leave of me, and so went away.

The very next time that I did him see,  
He vowed to be constant, be constant to me,  
I asked him his name, and he made me this reply,  
It is T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

Says he if you'll wed me, pray tell me your mind,  
A husband I'll make you both loving and kind;  
And now to the church my dear let us repair,  
Ne'er mind your F, A, T, H, E, R.

My father's possessed of nine hundred a year,  
And I am his daughter and only heir.  
Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me I fear;  
If I marry with Y, O, U, my dear.

They went to the church, and were married they  
say,  
And went to the father the very same day;  
Saying, honoured father we tell unto thee,  
That we are M, A, R, R, I, E, D.

With that the old codger began for to stare,  
You've married my daughter and only heir;  
But since it is so, to it I comply,  
With T, I, M, O, T, H, Y.

SONG.



S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**D**ID mortal e'er see two such fools?  
For nothing they're going to fight;  
I begin to find men are but tools,  
And both with a whisper I'll bite.

With you I'm ready to go, Sir,  
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff,  
Stay you but a fortnight, or so, Sir,  
I warrant I'll grant enough.

---

TO THE GREEN WOOD GANG WI ME.

*Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Dublin and other  
Theatres.*

I.

**T**O speer my love wi glances fair,  
The woodland Laddie came;  
He vowed he would be ay sincere,  
And thus he spake his flame.

The

The morn is blith my bonny fair,  
 As blith as blith can be;  
 To the Green Wood gang my lassie dear,  
 To the Green Wood gang wi me.  
 Gang wi mee, gang wi me,  
 To the Green Wood gang, my lassie dear,  
 To the Green Wood gang wi me.

II.

The lad wi love was so oppres'd,  
 I wad nay say him nay,  
 My lips he kiss'd, my hand he press'd,  
 While tripping o'er the brae :  
 Dear lad, I cry'd, thou'rt trig and fair,  
 And blith as blith can be.  
 To the Green Wood gang, my laddie dear,  
 To the Green Wood gang wi me.

III.

The bridal day is come to pass,  
 Sic joy was never seen,  
 Now I am call'd the Woodland Lass,  
 The Woodland Laddie's Queen :  
 I bless the morn so fresh and fair,  
 I told my mind so free,  
 To the Green Wood gang, my laddie dear,  
 To the Green Wood gang wi me.

T R I O,



TRIO, IN ROSINA.

*Mrs. Jordan played the Character of William in  
Dublin, with universal applause.)*

WILLIAM, ROSINA, PHOEBE.

**W**HEN the rosy morn appearing,  
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
Bees, on banks of thyme disporting,  
Sip the sweets, and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
Carol sweet the lively strain;  
They forsake their leafy dwelling,  
To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner,  
Take the scatter'd ears that fall!  
Nature, all her children viewing,  
Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

---

D U E T.

FROM THE SAME.

WILLIAM

**I**'VE kiss'd and I've prattled with fifty fair maids,  
And chang'd 'em as oft d'ye see!  
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,  
The Maid of the Mill for me.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,  
And call'd me the fairest she ;  
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,  
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the flow in the hedge,  
Her face like the blossoms in May ;  
Her teeth are as white as the new thorn flock,  
Her breath like the new made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall, and he's strait as the poplar tree,  
His cheeks are as fresh as the rose,  
He looks like a 'squire of high degree,  
When drest in his Sunday cloaths.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men, &c.

WILLIAM.

I've kiss'd and I've prattled, &c.

SONG,



## S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,  
 The joy of each true free-hearted swain,  
 'Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,  
 I loiter'd, last of all the train.

If chance some fairing caught her eye,  
 The ribbon gay or filken glove,  
 With eager haste I ran to buy ;  
 For what is gold compar'd to love ?

My posy on her bosom plac'd,  
 Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale !  
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,  
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale.

With scorn she hears me now complain,  
 Nor can my rustic presents move :  
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,  
 And gold, alas ! has banish'd love.

F

DUETT

[ 34 ]

D U E T T.

FROM THE SAME.

PHOEBE.

**I**N gaudy courts, with aching hearts,  
The great at fortune rail :  
The hills may higher honours claim,  
But peace is in the vale.

WILLIAM.

See high born dames, in rooms of state,  
With midnight revels pale ;  
No youth admires their fading charms,  
For beauty's in the vale.

BOTH.

Amid the shades of virgin's sighs,  
And fragrance to the gale :  
So they that will may take the hill,  
Since love is in the vale.

---

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

MATILDA.

**O**H, Richard ! Oh my love !  
By the faithless world forgot ;  
I alone in exile rove,  
To lament thy hapless lot.

I alone



I alone of all remain  
To unbind thy cruel chain,  
By the faithless world forgot;  
I, whose bosom sunk in grief,  
Least have strength to yield relief.

Delusive glory! faithless pow'r!

Thus the valiant you repay,  
In disaster's heavy hour,  
Faithless friendship's far away.

Yet, royal youth,  
One faithful heart,  
From tenderest truth,  
Tho' hopeless, never shall depart.

Oh, Richard! oh, my love!

By the faithless world forgot;  
I alone in exile rove,  
To lament thy hapless lot.

D U E T T.

FROM THE SAME.

MATILDA and LAURETTE.

MATILDA.

**T**HE God of Love a bandeau wears,  
 Would you know what it declares,  
 And why his eyes are clouded;  
 'Tis to shew us that his pow'r.  
 Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,  
 As when in darkness shrouded.

LAURETTE.

Good Sir, repeat that pretty strain,  
 Pray again, again.  
 A lesson kind it does impart,  
 To guard against a lover's art.

MATILDA,

With all my heart.

The God of Love a bandeau wears,  
 Wou'd you know what it declares,  
 And why his eyes are clouded;  
 'Tis to shew you that his pow'r  
 Is ne'er so fatal, ne'er so sure,  
 As when in darkness shrouded.

SONG.



S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

*In the Fortification Scene.*

MATILDA.

ONE night in sickness lying,  
A prey to grief and pain—  
When aid of man was vain,  
And hope and life were flying,  
Then came my mistress to my bed,  
And death and pain and sorrow fled.

*Matilda stops and raises herself to listen.*

RICHARD *sings.*

The gentle tears soft falling  
Of her whom I adore,  
My tender hopes recalling,  
Did life and love restore.

*Matilda during this Answer appears greatly agitated; she even appears almost fainting.*

MATILDA *sings.*

A mighty King doth languish.  
Within a prison's gloom;  
Ah! could I share his doom,  
Ah! could I sooth his anguish.

RICHARD

RICHARD *sings.*

Could I but view Matilda's eyes,  
Fortune, thy frowns I should despise,

TOGETHER.

RICHARD,

The gentle tears soft falling,  
Of her so long ador'd,  
My tender hopes recalling,  
Have love and life restor'd.

MATILDA,

My gentle tears fast falling,  
For him so long ador'd,  
His tender hopes recalling,  
Have love and life restor'd.

S O N G.

MELTON OYSTERS.

*Sung by Mrs. Jordan with the highest applause, in  
the Theatres of Dublin and York.*

THERE was a clever, likely lass,  
Just come to town from Glo'ster;  
And she did get her livelihood  
By crying Melton Oysters.

She bore her basket on her head,  
In the genteelest posture;  
And ev'ry day and ev'ry night,  
She cry'd her Melton Oysters.

It



It happen'd on a certain day,  
As going through the Cloisters,  
She met a Lord so fine and gay,  
Who'd buy her Milton Oysters.

He said " young damsel go with me  
" Indeed I'm no impostor ;"  
But she kept bawling in his ears,  
Come, buy my Melton Oysters.

At length resolved with him to go,  
Whatever it might cost her,  
And be no more obliged to cry,  
Come buy my Melton Oysters.

And now she is a lady gay,  
For Billingsgate has lost her ;  
She goes to Masquerades and Play,  
No more cries Melton Oysters !

## SONGS IN THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

*Mrs. Jordan was the original Sophia in Dublin.*

— SOPHIA.

**H**ENCE reveller of tinsel wing,  
Inspid, trifling, teasing thing,  
Light spendthrift of thy single day,  
Pert insignificance, away.  
Hence, &c.

How

How joyless to thy touch, or taste,  
Seems all the spring's profuse repast,  
Thy restless, busy, various range,  
Can only pall the sense by change.

Hence, &c.

---

F I N A L E.

FROM THE SAME.

RASHLY.

**P**ARTNERS of my toils and pleasures,  
To this happy spot repair ;

See how justly Fortune measures

Favours to the true and fair.

With chorusses gay,

Proclaim holiday

In praise of the Lord of the Manor ;

And happy the song,

If it trains old and young,

In the lessons of Castle Manor.

And happy, &c.

SOPHIA.

When a mutual inclination,

Once a glowing spark betrays ;

Try with tender emulation,

Which shall first excite the blaze.

I plighted



I plighted my truth  
 To a generous youth,  
 I found him at Castle Manor;  
 To one only be kind,  
 And leave fashion behind,  
 'Tis the lesson of Castle Manor.  
 To one only, &c.

TRUEMORE.

Gallants learn from Truemore's story;  
 To associate in the breast  
 Truth and honor, love and glory;  
 And to fortune leave the rest.  
 My ambition was fame,  
 From beauty it came,  
 From beauty at Castle Manor;  
 'Tis an honor to arms,  
 To be led by its charms,  
 Like the soldier of Castle Manor:  
 'Tis an honor, &c.

PEGGY.

Brisk and free but true to duty,  
 Sure I've play'd an honest part;  
 Would you purchase love and beauty,  
 Be the price a faithful heart.

Should a knave full of gold,  
Think Peg's to be sold,  
Let him meet me at Castle Manor;  
A bed in the mire,  
To cool his desire,  
Is the lesson of Castle Manor.  
A bed in, &c.

ANNETTE.

If I trip in my expression,  
Critics lend a patient ear,  
If coquetting be transgression,  
Sisterhood be not severe.  
To love while we live,  
And all faults to forgive;  
Is the lesson of Castle Manor.  
As friends to our cause,  
Bestow your applause,  
And welcome to Castle Manor.  
As friends, &c.

SONGS IN SUMMER AMUSEMENT.

MISS JUNIPER.

*(Mrs. Jordan was the original Miss Juniper in  
Dublin.)*

**T**O ease my heart, I own'd my flame,  
And much, I fear, I was to blame;  
For tho' love's force we're doom'd to feel,  
The heart its weakness should conceal.



The blush that speaks the soften'd breast,  
The sigh that will not be suppress'd ;  
The tear which down the cheek will steal,  
With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if honour guides the youth,  
And welcome love is led by truth,  
With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel,  
Nor strive our weakness to conceal.

## F I N A L E.

FROM THE SAME.

SURAT.

**H**ARK ! the sprightly sounds begin,  
Sick and well go dancing in ;  
Every heart from care set free,  
Leaves its sorrows in the sea :  
Young and old delighted trip,  
Here to taste their morning leap ;  
Hither all the grave and gay  
Flock to wash their ills away.

MISS JUNIPER.

My fond bosom of late was so blest,  
The soft moments so happily flew,  
That each night I went gaily to rest,  
And each morn' I rose chearfully too :  
But, alas ! must all comfort depart,  
Must those calm recreations be o'er ?  
Must contentment subside in my heart,  
And the sunshine of life be no more ?

LADY JUN.

Lord ! what shall I do for my oil-skin cap,  
Now the machine is ready ?

SIR JAMES.

Your hair will be wetted, oh, what a mishap !  
I pity you much my lady.

SURAT.

If I might advise you how,  
Take a sip,  
Ere you dip,  
And it will suffice you now.

AMELIA.

Mama, let's go into the bathing room,  
And wait till the dress and the servant come.

LADY



LADY JUN.

What, among the canaille must I sit?  
Mon Dieu! I can never submit.

CHORUS.

Then here let us traverse it to and fro,

LADY JUN.

I come,

SURAT.

I walk,

AMELIA.

I stand.

SIR JAMES.

I go,

Then here let us, &c.

You come, you walk, you stand, you go,  
For what can we do that more will please,  
Than look at the sea and scent the breeze,  
And fill up the group where the scene is laid,  
All taking the air on Margate parade?

SONG.

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**I**N the prattling hours of youth,  
 Artless nature leagues with truth;  
 Oft' we laugh, and oft' we cry,  
 When perhaps we we know not why,

But when varied hopes and fears  
 Mark the course of riper years,  
 If we smile, or if we sigh,  
 Do you think we know not why?

Question'd then of flames and darts,  
 Broken vows and bleeding hearts,  
 If our purpose we deny,  
 Don't suppose we know not why.

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**H**OW hard our hapless lot appears,  
 As virgin or as wife!  
 Restrain'd in all our early years,  
 Distress'd in later life!



If fond affection warms our hearts,  
Too oft' unfeeling man,  
From faith, from truth, from love departs,  
And triumphs where he can.

F I N A L E .

FROM THE SAME.

SURAT.

COME, ye venal slaves of war,  
Boast your base alliance,  
Britain's thunder, heard from far,  
Boldly bids defiance.  
Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,  
True to antient story,  
Freedom's sons, on freedom's ground,  
Will find the road to glory,

LADY JUNIPER.

What tho' haughty Spain we find  
Will no more dissemble,  
All the House of Bourbon join'd  
Shall not make us tremble.  
Beat the drum, &c.

Miss

MISS JUNIPER!

Justice animates the fight,  
 Fame her trump will tender;  
 Conquest shall support our right,  
 And perfidy surrender.  
 Beat the drum, &c.

ETIQUETTE.

Let the light-heel'd troops of France  
 Come so sleek and taper,  
 We can teach them how to dance,  
 And make them cut a caper.  
 Bring the flutes, the fiddles bring,  
 Rear the silken banners,  
 Tho' we fight, we'll dance and sing,  
 And drub them with good manners.

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

LET not love thy heart ensnare,  
 All its joys are ting'd with care,  
 Fleeting pleasures, lasting pain,  
 Smiles that ne'er return again.

Love;



Love, our woe delighted hears,  
Fed with pangs, and thron'd in tears ;  
For when ev'ry storm is o'er,  
Foe to peace, it reigns no more.

---

## SONGS IN THE POOR SOLDIER.

*(Mrs. Jordan played Patrick seventy-five nights in York, with an applause equal to what she has met with in her most finished piece of acting.)*

PATRICK.

### I.

**H**OW happy the Soldier who lives on his pay,  
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day !

Yet fears neither justices, warrants or bums,  
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

### II.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,  
His King finds him quarters, and money and clothes :

He laughs at all sorrow whenever it comes,  
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

H

The

III.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight.  
It leads him to pleasure, as well as to fight.  
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,  
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.  
With a row-de-dow, &c.

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

**T**HE wealthy fool with gold in store,  
Will still desire to go richer :  
Give me but health, I ask no more,  
My little girl, my friend and pitcher.  
My friend so rare.  
My girl so fair,  
With such, what mortal can be richer ?  
Give me but these, a fig for care,  
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

Tho'



II.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,  
 I know not what can thus bewitch her;  
 With all my heart can I be poor,  
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.  
 My friend so rare, &c.

D U E T.

FROM THE SAME.

PATRICK.

**A** Rose-tree in full bearing,  
 Had sweet flowers fair to see;  
 One rose beyond comparing,  
 For beauty attracted me.  
 Tho' eager then to win it,  
 Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay.  
 I find a canker in it,  
 And now throw it far away.

NORAH.

How fine this morning early,  
 All sun-shine, clear and bright!  
 So late I lov'd you dearly,  
 Tho' lost now each fond delight.

The clouds seem big with showers,  
Sunny beams no more are seen;  
Farewell, ye fleeting hours,  
Your falshood has chang'd the scene.

D U E T T.

How fine, &c.

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**T**HOUGH Leixlip is proud of its close shady  
bowers,  
Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,  
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,  
Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty  
maids :  
As each his own village must still make the most  
of,  
In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;  
Dear Carton! containing what kingdoms may  
boast of—  
'Tis Norah, dear Norah! the theme of my  
song.

Be



## II.

Be gentlemen fine with their spurs and nice boots  
on,

Their horses to start on at the Curragh of Kil-  
dare ;

Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new suits  
on,

Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice  
powder'd hair :

Poor Pat, while so blest'd in his mean humble  
station,

For gold or for acres he never will long ;

One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a  
nation,

From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my  
song.

## F I N A L E.

FITZROY.

**W**HAT true felicity I shall find  
When those are join'd,

By fortune kind,

How pleasing to me,

So happy to see

Such merit and virtue united !

NORAH.

NORAH.

No future sorrows can grieve us,  
If you will please to forgive us,  
To each kind friend  
Thus lowly we bend.  
Your pardon, that gain'd, we're delighted,

CHORUS.

No future, &c.

PATRICK.

With my commission, yet dearest life,  
My charming wife,  
When drum and fife  
Shall beat up to arms,  
The plunder your charms,  
In love your Poor Soldier you'll find me,

KATHLEEN.

This love, my wishes has granted;  
I get the dear lad that I wanted;  
Less pleas'd with a Duke,  
When my good Father Luke  
To my own little Dermot has join'd me;

CHORUS.

This love, &c.

DARBY.



DARBY.

You impudent huffey, (*Dermott frowns*)  
 At a pretty rate  
 Of love you prate!  
 But hark ye, Kate,  
 Your little dear lad  
 Will find that his pad  
 Has got a nice—kick in her gallop.

FATHER LUKE.

Now Darby, upon my falvation,  
 You merit excommunication.  
 In love but agree,  
 And shortly you'll see,  
 In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

CHORUS.

Now, Darby, &c.

DERMOT.

The devil a bit o' me cares a bean,  
 For neat and clean  
 We'll both be seen,  
 Next Sunday at Mass,  
 And there we'll be coupled for ever.

PATRICK.

PATRICK.

The laurel I've won in the field, Sir,  
 Yet now in a garden I yield, Sir;  
 Nor think it a shame  
 Your mercy to claim,  
 Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sir,

CHORUS of MEN.

The laurel and bays  
 Revive by your praise;  
 Our Poet solicits your pardon.

CHORUS of WOMEN.

Then be not severe,  
 With smiles you can cheer  
 The posies of your Covent-Garden.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The laurel, &c.

SUNG



SONG IN THE FOLLIES OF A DAY.

*Sung by Mrs. Jordan in Dublin.*

TO the winds, to the waves, to the woods I  
complain,  
Ah, well-a-day ! my poor heart ;  
They hear not my sighs, and they heed not my  
pain,  
Ah, well-a-day ! my poor heart.

To the sun's morning splendor the poor Indian  
bows,  
Ah, well-a-day ! my poor heart ;  
But I dare not worship where I pay my vows,  
Ah, well-a-day ! my poor heart.

---

SONG IN AS YOU LIKE IT.

*Sung by Mrs. Jordan in Dublin and York.*

ROSALIND:

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And ladies smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.

I

The

The cuckoo then on every tree  
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he :  
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear,  
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,  
 And turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
 And maidens bleach their Summer smocks,  
 The cuckoo then, &c.

---

## SONG IN THE CONFEDERACY.

CORINNA.

**W**HEN young and artless as the lamb,  
 That plays about the fondling dam,  
 Young, buxom, blithe, and silly,  
 I turn'd off all the manly swains,  
 And put my little heart in chains,  
 For simple smooth-fac'd Billy.

But



But when abroad I saw the 'Squire,  
 For lace, I felt a strange desire,  
     For to outshine my mammy.  
 I long'd for fringe, for frogs and cloaths,  
 For pig-tail heads, high collar'd Beaux,  
     And filken master Sammy.

For riches next I felt a flame,  
 When to my cot, old grey-beard came  
     To hold an am'rous parley,  
 For music next I chanc'd to burn,  
 And fondly listen'd in my turn,  
     To warbling quiv'ring Charly.

But when experience came with years,  
 And rais'd my hopes, and quell'd my fears,  
     My blood was warm and bonny.  
 I turn'd off ev'ry beardless youth,  
 And gave my hand, and fix'd my truth,  
     On honest blooming Johnny.

SONGS IN ROBIN HOOD.

*Mrs. Jordan was the original Allen-a-Dale in Dublin.*

ALLEN-A-DALE.

**H**ARD beats her heart, her eyes pour tears,  
Corroding grief consumes her years;  
No more she sports with damsels gay,  
But mourns in penance night and day.  
Love makes her happy for a while,  
And then, like thee, she'll chearful smile;  
But soon the willow binds her head—  
She mourns a lover from her fled,

---

G L E E,

FROM THE SAME.

STELLA, SCARLET, ALLEN-A-DALE, &c.

**B**Y dark grove, shade, or winding dell,  
We merry maids, and archers dwell;  
In quiet here from worldly strife,  
We pass a chearful rural life;  
And by the Moon's pale quiv'ring beams,  
We frisk it near the chrystal streams.

Our



Our station's on the King's highway,  
 We rob the rich the poor to pay:  
 The woe-worn wretch we still protect,  
 The widow, orphan, ne'er neglect:  
 Fat churchmen bold we cause to stand,  
 And whistle for our steady band.

---

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**O**NCE she was though now she's sad,  
 As the springing season glad,  
 E'er beheld in its domain;  
 Or fair Summer in her train;  
 Or rich Autumn in his year:  
 Sing she could as sky-lark clear,  
 E'er alas! with grief to tell,  
 Into ways of shame she fell.

Now her burthen's constantly,  
 " Pity me, maids, pity me;  
 " Pity me, a ruin'd maid,  
 " Pining in the cypress shade."

Woods that wave o'er mountain's tops,  
 O'er whose moss the titmouse hops,  
 Tell her tale to rustling gales;  
 Fountains weep it through the vales:

And,

And, with her own sorrow faint,  
Sighing echo joins the plaint !  
Martha fair, for ever sad—  
Wanders melancholy mad.

And thus sings she bitterly :  
“ Pity me, maids, pity me ;  
“ Pity me, a ruin'd maid,  
“ Pining in the cypress shade,

---

D U E T T.

FROM THE SAME.

**T**HE violet nurs'd in woodland wild,  
Young Zephyr's bride, Spring's first born  
Child,  
Whose vest in Heaven's tent is dy'd,  
How fade its beauties on the sight,  
No more its perfume yields delight,  
When the rich rose unfolds its pride !

STELLA.

The feather'd tribes, who in the groves,  
With shrills mellifluous woo their loves,  
As Nature's self inspires the strain ;  
Their melting music fails to please,  
Harsh and untuneful are their lays,  
When Philomel awakes the plain.

BOTH,



BOTH.

The maid endow'd with virtue's grace,  
 Appears with soul-subduing face,  
 And shines in beauty's sphere supreme;  
 Each nymph that won the heart before,  
 By her eclips'd can charm no more,  
 And all her sov'reign pow'r proclaim!

---

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**I** Love you by Heaven, what can I say more?  
 Then set not my passion a cooling;  
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee  
 o'er,  
 For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up  
 in deeds,  
 Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?  
 A performance, you know well, a promise exceeds,  
 And a word to the wife is enough child.

SONGS IN THE MAID OF THE MILL.

FANNY.

**I** AM young, and I am friendless,  
And poor, alas ! withal ;  
Sure my sorrows will be endless ;  
In vain for help I call.  
Have some pity in your nature,  
To relieve a wretched creature,  
Though the gift be ne'er so small.

May you possessing every blessing,  
Still inherit, Sir, all your merit, Sir,  
And never know what it is to want ;  
May Heaven your worship all happiness grant.

---

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**L** ORD, Sir, you seem mighty uneasy ;  
But I the refusal can bear :  
I warrant I shall not run crazy,  
Nor die in a fit of despair.

If



If so you suppose, you're mistaken;  
For, Sir, for to let you to know,  
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,  
But I have two strings to my bow.

---

S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

O! What a simpleton was I;  
To make my bed at such a rate!  
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,  
Thy true-love seeks another mate.  
No tears, alack,  
Will call him back,  
No tender words his heart allure;  
I could bite  
My tongue, thro' spite—  
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

## S O N G.

*In the Castle of Andalusia.*

CATALINA.

**L**IKE my dear fwain, no youth you'd see,  
 So blyth, so gay, so full of glee,  
 In all our village—who but he  
     To foot it up so featly ?  
 His lute to hear,  
 From far and near,  
 Each female came,  
 Both girl and dame,  
 And all his boon,  
 For every tune,  
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

While round him in the jocund ring,  
 We nimbly danc'd, he'd play or sing;  
 Of May the youth was chosen King,  
     He caught our ears so neatly.  
 Such musick rare  
 In his guittar,  
 But touch his lute,  
 The crowd was mute ;  
 His only boon,  
 For every tune,  
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly !

S O N G.



## S O N G.

FROM THE SAME.

**I** Have a lover of my own,  
     So kind and true is he ;  
 As true, I love but him alone,  
     And he loves none but me.

I boast not of his velvet down,  
     Or cheeks of rosy hue,  
 His spicy breath, his ringlets brown,  
     I prize the heart that's true.

So to all else I must say nay ;  
     They only fret and teaze :  
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may  
     Come court me when you please.

I play'd my love a thousand tricks,  
     In seeming coy and shy ;  
 'Twas only, ere my heart I'd fix,  
     I thought his love to try.

So to all else I must say nay ;  
     They only fret and teaze :  
 Dear youth, 'tis you alone that may  
     Come court me when you please.

## S O N G,

*Sung by Mrs. Jordan in several Theatres.*

**M**Y lodging is on the cold ground,  
 And very hard is my fare;  
 But that which troubles me most is,  
     The unkindness of my dear :  
 Yet still I cry, oh ! turn, love,  
     And I prithee, love, turn to me ;  
 For thou art the man that I long for,  
     And, alack ! what remedy !

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,  
     And I'll marry thee with a rush ring ;  
 My frozen hopes shall thaw then,  
     And merrily we will sing.  
 Oh ! turn to me, my dear love,  
     And I prithee, love, turn to me ;  
 For thou art the man that alone canst,  
     Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,  
     And be deaf to my pitiful moan ;  
 Then I must endure the smart still,  
     And tumble in straw all alone :  
 Yet still I cry, oh ! turn, love,  
     And I prithee, love, turn to me ;  
 For thou art the man that alone art  
     The cause of my misery.



## S O N G.

*Sung by Hippolita in She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not.*

**D**Ivinely fair! so heavenly form'd!  
 Such native innocence she wears;  
 You cannot wonder that I'm charm'd,  
 Whene'er the lovely maid appears.

Her smiles might warm the Anchorite,  
 Her artless glances teach him sin;  
 Yet in her soul such charms unite,  
 As might the coldest Stoic win.

F I N I S.

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